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and 17 Ways to Get Lost
in the Caribbean

Esquire

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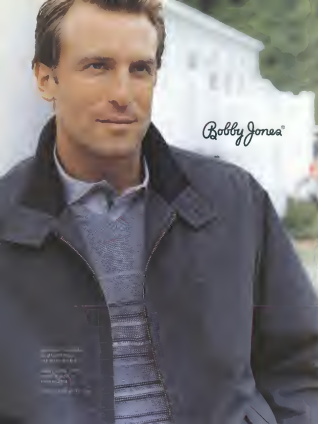


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126 HOW TO DO A BETTER MIND Our fourteen-page manual all has to do with things from a portfolio. How to get a fish, buy one, and de-stress your mind. How to please a woman, replace a corker, and live in a perfect house. How to sell a house, and hold a woman's eye. How to live. How to live. How to live. **Quincy Jones, James Garfield, Lenny Armstrong, Little Richard, and others.**

140 **Free Women Who Make Us Want to Be a Better Man** And dare we say, men—there's a reason you're here. A motivational gallery starring **Debra Messing** of *WBS & Grace* and four other strong women as role models.

148 The Better Man (A Work in Progress)
 Inevitably, including better is being better, so far from condescension—Lan parks, but also lectures, even a touch of skin emphasis, layered high-kick, and of course, pure, callous merit. Standing feet, his, to the world of men, a concrete surgery, PHOENIX/HEB/DA WINTER. TEXT BY WILLY WYLLON

156 The Perfect Price of Coal The favorite use of Aesop's fables was great politics; if Clinton has the coin, Eric is taken to wine or office. So is Andrew Cuomo running yet?
BY SCOTT HARRIS

[illegible]

174 **What I've Learned** Conrad Dobler on NFL, just explain the incident. "I hit one finger in my life and I don't even know it." The legend grew from there. **INTERVIEW BY DAN CALVINMAN**

176 The Deep Sleep *Frank's last PI assignment was supposed to be a piece of cake. But his client pays a hell of a lot for the look of the man—or the woman.* FICTION BY ALEXANDER HURON

103 The Restless Man
 EquiB Travel: Stories to take you away and make you go
 The Hidden Caribbean: The places that are off the tourist
 map, Page 106

PEKING GOBBY, King of the Hunters In the mangrove jungles of southern Beijing, following at its head is a few meters made of Muddy River. Photo: **DR. BUCKY HUNTER**

Fox and Whale Priest and Angel's storm day-into-the-chunk-up Annapurna's Annapurna, the highest peak outside the Himalayas, the author was halfway born on high camp and disappeared when he met his fate. Page 112 BY RUSSELL BARKER

THE NEW ISLAND Five years after it was built, based on the explosion that created it, the island of Manzanar continues to grow. A paradise of fire and ash, Page 122

BY ECKY MURPHY

IS THIS:

- A) LINGERIE FRIDAY AT A BIG FIVE ACCOUNTING FIRM
- B) BILLY THE INTERN'S LUCKY DAY
- C) THE LATEST FROM LA PERLA



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IS THIS:

- A) LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD VISITING
HER GRANDMA IN QUEENS
- B) THE LATEST FROM SALVATORE FERRAGAMO
- C) A MAN WITH A LATE-NIGHT
HANKERING FOR SQUASH



The woman in B. Berry's jacket and shoes by Salvatore Ferragamo.
Katie Couric's dress, Louis Vuitton. Basket of inspiration by Williams.
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A tall, slender, clear glass bottle of No. 10 Vodka. The bottle has a silver-colored cap and a label with a red circular logo at the top and the text "NO. 10" in large, bold letters. The bottle is set against a dark background.

A black and white portrait of a young man with dark hair, wearing a dark suit jacket, a white shirt, and a dark tie. He is looking slightly to his right with a neutral expression. The background is dark and out of focus.

[illegible]



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WISDOM IS HARD TO COME BY, but there are some practical lessons about life that you remember immediately, and then never forget when and where you learned them. I learned that you *hula* before the cars and *scuderie* through it from an uncle on a wet street in Seattle. I was sixteen. He wasn't aware that he was imparting a life lesson; he was merely looking about the recent passage of the driver in front of us. I learned that you *dry* the *adventures* and put it away without touching the stress from my father one night when we were doing the *duches*. I was about six. I learned to drive a car without leaving "poker marks" from a man named E. L. one long summer weekend a while on a lake in Tennessee.

I'm not sure that any of the skills we promote this month starting on page 124, will turn any of us into good men, but I know that when Mac, Jero explained to me his brother Matt's four basic cues for the *drone* floor, and when I read them with some success later that night, and when I've described them with glee to people since that night, I felt, well, better.

There are only a few things that say you are truly good in The world: to be competent at many simple things. I don't know how many times in your life you'll replace a spike (page 122) or

The Joy of Competence

clean a fifth (page 123), but it's good to know you'll be able to when called upon. A few weeks ago, I made the pole for a basketball goal. It'd never done it before, and every time I went out to the driveway, played the level against it, and saw that the thing was straight up and down, it gave me a job of unsolicited pleasure. Becker is still level.

FOR THE LAST NINE MONTHS, Esquire's Web site has been edited by Brendan Vaughan. He's made it possible for us to go beyond the traditional boundaries of a magazine, and this month, with the online version of The Realist Man, our universal travel agent, Brendan—along with Mark Whelan and Lynn Miller—he gives us an entirely different way to experience the world. For one thing, he's made it possible for us to see the stories Rocky McMillan in *Elvis* starting on page 168, about his visit to Mantley River in Belize and to the island of Montserrat, which was devastated by a volcano five years ago.

We equipped Rocky with a digital video camera (like subjecting him to an intimate tutorial on how to create videos specifically for the Web), and then Brendan worked with Kipp Digital Video (kippd.com) to create a five-part video series of Rocky's adventures with the *Belizean howler* monkeys and a three-part series about Montserrat, exclusively for our site.

Another innovation Esquire can offer is five custom-made services for men: tips that would be nearly impossible to arrange on your own. These were created by *Esquire.com*, and they pay up as you scroll across our sustained map of the world in *esquire.com/world*.

In addition to The Realist Man, Brendan has turned *esquire.com* into one of the more useful and entertaining sites anywhere. From the Esquire cocktail database to the Women We Love Gallery to Shalom Auslander's *Debtors* Achievements of the Week to style advice to audio clips of authors reading from their stories and novels, it's a remarkable expansion of what Esquire can do.

—DANIEL GRIGER

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Billy Crudup Is Not a Star

Our September cover story, "Crudup or Shut Up," featured one of Hollywood's best-kept secrets—a man who is about to become a household name. But is Billy Crudup ready?

It may be true that "you never succeed here... in the sense of connecting the dots between movies," but that's precisely what makes Billy Crudup a go-to actor. Unlike some stars, who routinely eschew you mean of their previous activity merely to make money, Crudup is a true character actor who takes on roles, allowing the viewer to be absorbed in the story. There's so much more to

see about him. By Crudup, please don't become a star. LYNDA RILEY/ABC NEWS, GOLF

If you picked up the September issue with Billy Crudup on the cover, you know Lane Witherspoon is a past favorite on HBO's past year. I have been impressed by his films and career. After the article, he's been there all along—just

not used to go back and look I understand has reasons for not knowing the same old line part of acting but I think it's not late for him.

MELISSA A. MACVILLI
Filmmaker, TV

The Rage

After September, Scott Rasmussen explored the harrowing question of how to rehabilitate men who have women endorse over the high failure rate of therapy programs designed to help them ("Men Explode").

I work with abusive men, and I want you to know Rasmussen's article was well done. I agree with his criticism that controlling rates is not effective. I stand not to change a line, assuming that in my experience that if we show respect, compassion, and concern for men and we model emotional longevity of behavior for them, they will reform. The point should not be to endorse a man or devalue some man's superiority over the rest but to help them see themselves and their relationships differently. Men with rage, I have seen it over and over but they do so because they see the value in it and we become someone has helped them in the end of the story. Thanks for the article. It is time for this subject to become mainstream.

PAUL WINTERMAN
DeKalb, IL

Rasmussen's claim that "behavioral intervention programs aren't working" is misleading. He cites "the most aggressive forms of therapy to date" as evidence, which would be our singular study, conducted in four states and sponsored by the Centers for Disease Control. The pervasiveness of sexual assault for the thousands and millions, cited in the article, are simply wrong, as is the interpretation that no one does from them. At the thirty-month follow-up, 40 percent of the men arrested and sent to the behavior programs had not been violent for a full year. The real bottom line is that the well-established behavior programs included in our study do work.

EDWARD W. GOODRICH
DIRECTOR OF RESEARCH,
MID-ATLANTIC ADULTERER
TRAINING INSTITUTE,
INDIANA UNIVERSITY OF
PENNSYLVANIA
Indiana, Pa.

SCOTT RASMUSSEN: My question that 40 percent of the men who finished treatment remained their partners was not asked based on the data we used in our study of 2004's CDC study—specifically, the published 2004 study results which showed that 40 percent of the men who had completed the four behavior programs had remained their partners. I don't see how his therapy conclusions, however encouraging, contradict his own past research or my conclusions. I don't see how for a statistic to make sense you go from a 10 percent improvement in one study and a half year after the first.

A True Survivor

In "An Imperfect Mother," Mike Sager provides an engaging read for those with the theme story of Lee Butler, a Civil War soldier's son who survived a car crash, only to be found in the wreckage for two days—and to go to the most intense legions to save him in September.

In a day of diminishing examples of honor and nobility, it was nothing less than inspiring to read Lee Butler's tale. As a husband and the father of two young boys, I was thrilled to learn of a fellow man who lives every day to



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Web Site of the Month

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be the best man, husband, and father in such a way that it has defusing moment, but you able to divorce his principles to survive. I, too, hope to be able to live by my convictions as Father-in-law. Best wishes, for, on your life's journey, I would be privileged and honored to walk a mile in your shoes.

TIM FALKNER
Powder Springs, Ga

Cancer Answers

In August, *Am* addressed some of the most frequently asked questions about cancer and debunked a few myths along the way ("Cancer for Dummies").

Am's article issued the warning that a medical issue related to cancer causation, the misconception that accumulating radiation has been largely debunked as a source of the disease is a major mistake. The National Institute for Environmental Health and Sciences said RMP is a cancer-causing chemical in the same category as DDT and lead. And the National Institutes of Health later told Congress that we should avoid giving people near power lines. The National Toxicology Program has just added radio-frequency radiation (wireless technology) to a list of items to be studied for carcinogenicity because the science supports a linkage. We certainly say that the so-called things don't cause cancer.

CINDY RAGE
San Jose, Calif.

Despite the great progress in treating childhood leukemia to which Mr. Armani referred, cancer continues to kill more children between the ages of one and fifteen than any other disease. Malignant brain tumors have proven to be the most difficult to treat, and they now kill more children than any other form of cancer. I was forced to learn as much as I could about malignant brain tumors, yes, yes, that is the form of cancer that most explicitly appeared and ultimately took the life of my seven-year-old daughter. She was my world. She was only six years old.

ANNE H. HICK
Whitaker, Calif.

The Truth About Lawyers

We continue to receive a huge response to Robert Korman's article on the fate of members of the Harvard Law School Class of 1980, "When Killing the Great Lawyers of Harvard" which appeared in our August issue.

As a member of the class Korman describes, I know virtually nothing about my law school classmates whom the article profiled. This fact itself raises another issue with Korman—the profoundly confusing experience that it is for many of its students. I suspect that the school, by forcing a brutally competitive environment in which students view one another as rivals rather than competitors, is largely responsible for the subsequent disillusionment that many in our generation find in the law.

MICHAEL DAVID HALL
HARVARD LAW SCHOOL,
CLASS OF 1990
Pittsfield, Mass.

Korman's article really rang some bells. One law firm I worked for while I was still in law school declined to make me a permanent offer until I got a quote, "The statement is that you have too much personality for this firm." I told them I took that as a compliment and phoned to see it as my epitaph. One of our people was never known to smile at that age graduation, so really wouldn't know much practical law and wouldn't really be the person most likely to be hired. And that should have given us pause.

ERIN HUGHES
HARVARD LAW SCHOOL,
CLASS OF 1983
Mendocino, Ca.

The phenomenon Korman describes is hardly new. As a child of the sixties, I have witnessed forty years such widespread disillusionment with big firm practice, where one must learn more and more about law and its complexities and where client development skills replace practical lawyering for consideration. When I graduated from law school in 1983, after two respectable membership years, I did so without either regret or a backward glance. I went on to a fulfilling legal career and, well, varied, and happy life, and I remain humbled by my good fortune.

YVES H. CARMY
HARVARD LAW SCHOOL,
CLASS OF 1971
Stowe, Vt.

Letters on the letter circulation matter to the board of the Harvard Law School. The board of the Harvard Law School is not responsible for the content of the letters or the opinions expressed. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

ACQUA DI GIÒ

FOR MEN

GIORGIO ARMANI

Saks Fifth Avenue

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Man at his Best

Carrie-Anne
Moss

SHE'S A MODEL TURNED actress who has been told she has an "alien" (futuristic) face and whose role in a blockbuster special-effects sci-fi movie has launched countless celebrity Web sites. Yet Carrie-Anne Moss is surprised to find the term "space babe" has been so often applied to her name. Not that it troubles Moss, who—looking part-superhero, part-dominate-in-the-top-draw-babe of the future—evoked a cold-war sci-fi sexy as the ass-kicking B-movie heroine The Matrix. In fact, she's not only signed on to reprise that role in two sequels, this month she stars as pop-psychologist's hot fixer, playing young master of a mission to Mars. She came down to earth just last December in *Gladiator*, a Roman epic comedy with a shiny Septimius Severus (Russell Crowe), and in the murder mystery *Veronica's Closet* in February.

/// I'm not the black-leather type at all. I like the look, but I'm much more of a hippie girl **///**

An aerial photograph of a winding asphalt road on a forested hillside. The road is designed to form the silhouette of a human head in profile, facing right. The road has two lanes with white dashed center lines and solid white edge lines. The surrounding landscape is covered in dense green trees and vegetation, with some patches of reddish-brown soil visible. The lighting suggests a bright day, with shadows cast across the terrain.

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A still life photograph of a dark wooden tray containing various food items. On the left, a block of yellow cheese is partially unwrapped, with two red tomatoes and green leaves resting on it. A silver knife lies horizontally across the bottom left. In the center, a small metal bowl holds mushrooms. To the right, a small metal bowl contains a white sauce, and another small metal bowl holds a brown sauce. A glass of yellow liquid is positioned in the top right corner. The background is a light-colored, textured surface.

AFTER 20 YEARS submerged in New York's changing industrial scene, I know one thing for sure: The city that never sleeps also can't keep its mouth shut. It's not just the volume. Crews and cramped quarters guarantee that by the end of any evening, I'll know too much about something I shouldn't know at all.

Sometimes, in order to have a good meal and conversation all my own it's easier to just stay home and read. Especially so weekends. Although it may not compete with the nightly most-see-of-tourists imagine when they think of New York, Liza is to be enjoyed only by monitoring a quiet evening. Then I promise to include them with mine (and

You'd be surprised at how efficient my effort is during the late fall, when Monday night takes on that excited, school-excuse-once-again, no-matter-how-late-you-are. Everyone seems to want a little rainy respite, so the kind of food you don't have to figure out to eat. I try to make something that tastes fresher without being boring, like this puree-based bagna, a elevated version of that old cafeteria classic. We pass the plates around in silent agreement. It's not really comfort food unless you're comfortable. —FRANKIE MARCUM

Ingredients

A more detailed description of the

1 cup of tomato sauce
1 egg dried lasagna noodles
Olive oil
1 1/2 lbs. per tosted mushrooms
1/2 lb. large white mushrooms
Kosher salt

Black pepper
1 cup hot sauce mixed with 1 cup heavy cream
1 1/2 cup hand-grated Parmigiano Reggiano
1/2 cup finely chopped fresh basil leaves

Preparation

[illegible]

Chili and semi-mushrooms. Cut portobello mushrooms into thick squares, and place mushrooms in mushroom cap pan. In a large sauté pan over medium heat, brown mushrooms 20-25 minutes until both sides are well browned. Do not overcrowd pan. Do not smoke. Sauté mushrooms until both sides are uniformly brown. Combine sautéed mushrooms with portos. Sprinkle with hot sauce and, black pepper, and stir the mixture and allow to cook.

Preheat oven to 350 degrees, drizzle a 4-oz oil baking pan lightly with olive oil.

Mix hot sauce, oil, salt and pepper and drizzle onto mushroom and set aside. Mix 2 tbsp dried mushroom and 1/2 cup mushroom and set aside.

Assembly

Place one layer of noodles (sloughing but not overlapping) on the bottom of the casserole. Cover the noodles with about mixed each of the mushrooms, sauce (approximately), grated cheese, and poultry (poultry with thick yogurt make two more layers, then cover the top with the rest of the sauce and noodle mixture (specifically with remaining Penne Rigate) and poultry. Cover tightly with foil and bake. Unfold edges are bubbly about 30 minutes, then remove foil and bake (untopped) about 10 minutes. Allow to simmer 10 to 20 minutes before serving.

It should be noted that this has been a relatively mild day for the city, with temperatures in the 60s and 70s, and a light breeze. The city's air quality index (AQI) is 100, which is in the "moderate" category. The city's air quality index (AQI) is 100, which is in the "moderate" category.

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The clothes make the artist at this month's Giorgio Armani retrospective at the Guggenheim

[illegible]

Among Tennis Herd boys is a new white shoe and a second of the

Costume Institute of New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art. Like the work of a painter or a sculptor, he says, Armani's designs have set the standard for how clothing should be constructed over the last 25 years and are worth a closer look. Noda agrees that Armani—who began designing since the '70s but achieved serious fame in the early '80s with his unstructured suits—set a mold for the work uniform for the sake of comfort, caused a cultural shift that eventually led to entirely new attitudes about work, sex and even men and women.

"People have different reactions to a work of art," explains Kade. "Some just want to be wowed by its beauty. Others want to look at the material and try to comprehend its construction. Still others want to interpret it in some context, social, cultural, economic. I hope that people will do all of those and have with the idea that the clothing that we choose to wear has all these wonderful implications."

— 2025.03.20 14:00:00 —

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Too much pleasure?

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10 A BETTER BENT Not anyone really complaining about Mercedes-Benz's triple-sticking 550i and to two-door brother, the GL300? Did anyone else find this 2002 model very nice and what seemed to us enough not to waste, and then we topped the air with its new model, the 520 and GL300. (iPhones are not yet available, but figure this to pass the 2002 model mark, with the coupon and the same have been thoroughly modified by 2011's in-house slunk works. And, which has loaded a 3.6 to engine, steering, disc suspension, and a more solid body to clearly that, apparently, there's some with a super-very-five-point star.

Like *Stakes*, which killed themselves in a both steady and pure, and like *high*, which those who know say is both particle and wave, *Vaporization* is a series of amazing volumes that can't be passed down—and yet, best, creating lightning one moment and gasoline thunder the next. *Landlord* Richardson's alchemy in his North Carolina kitchen 200 years ago was a little headlined miracle of science, he found his Group and *Proclamation* in his kitchen. And surely, father and son would have been it, and, in 1912, as in the case of all his work,

Figuring: These days, folks seem to overestimate fungus, and there have even been known to smear it on surgical masks that they wear while darning to influence the fix.

many here. But there are still those of us who, fed up with the congestion, need only open the pe and inhale to know that everything is going to be all right. —BOB JEFF



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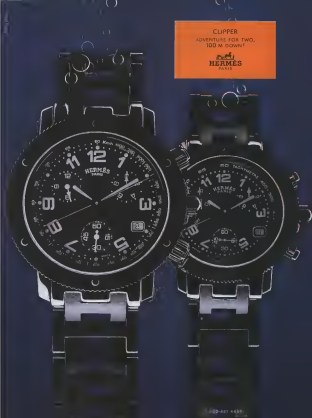
"You can be completely modern without being wacky. It's all about balance: a little color, but not too much; a little design, but not too much."

—NEIL BARRETT

—SHEL MARSH

[illegible]

Engelhardt et al. • ATRX Controls the Expression of *Prdm14* in the Embryo



What it is.



What it feels like.



If this is how you feel, it could be social anxiety. Social anxiety disorder is an intense, persistent fear and avoidance of social situations. This extreme fear of being judged or embarrassed can put your life on hold. Those who suffer may blush, sweat, shake, or even experience a pounding heart around those they think may criticize them. To avoid this embarrassment, some drop out of school. Some refuse to date. Some turn down job promotions or choose unsatisfying jobs beneath their skill level.

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FOUR SOMETHING PRICELASS

A Man
and His
Money

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GREEN: Three Ways to Be a Pessimist

SOMETIMES, LIKE BORN, THE BEST OFFENSE IS A GOOD DEFENSE

S By Ken Kurson There are no fins in investing. As in sports, there's a winner only when there's a loser. Despite the advantage of the mutual-fund industry, which would have you believe that everyone who plays any market with any funds is entitled to a double-digit return, the truth is that every trade that goes right has someone on the other side. Every stock that goes has someone who sold it too early, and every stock that rises has someone who got out just in time. If the portfolio like mine, is filled with positions that ought to benefit should the market resume its upward march, that makes sense. I'm not running a hedge fund here, and at thirty one, with a decent stomach for risk and no need to need for the imaginary cash in this portfolio, there's no reason to be market neutral. But a directional market like this

one we had this summer is full of investors on nerves and ready to flee at the first sign of trouble. In other words, time to play defense.

There are many ways to cushion yourself against a market tumble. One easy one is to buy a precious metal to trading with windows and options that don't tend to follow other stocks down the hole. And the time to talk about defense is when most investors don't think they need to leave how to play it. There are the three glove saves I like best.

1 Short Selling

Next person who argues that selling short is somehow separatistic gets a smack with a steel handle. In fact, the art of borrowing shares of a stock and selling them immediately with the hope of paying back the loan with shares pur-

chased cheaper later on is not just a Wall Street pleasure, it's an important (if somewhat old-fashioned) stock market option.

No doubt there are dangers. For one, your downside risk is infinite. The worst thing that can happen when you're long in the stock goes is zero—you lose 100 percent of your investment. But if you short a stock at \$50 and it goes to 200, you're out 300 percent—a \$50 loss on a \$50 investment. You also face the perils of a short squeeze, in which a stock with lots of short interest starts rising and shorts scramble to buy shares to cover their losses, and all that buying pushes the stock up.

Despite these pitfalls, shorting remains a must for any marginally sophisticated investor. Remember all those times you've bought a sure thing and watched it tank? Well, somewhere a short is

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Portfolio

information and cross-sell the hell out of you.

I prefer a more impartial host. There are several aggregators that follow the so-called "Swiss model." Like Yahoo, they are neutral to the accounts and services you choose but aggressive about providing services to make them work better for you.

The one I chose for myself is iMoney's amazing new one, My Finance, money.com. I have long been a Quicken software user (and by way of disclosure, an iStock share investor). The computer program aggregated financial information before the Web existed, though it used to require a lot of key-entry by user. Today at My Finance, users can do virtually anything they could do with Quicken software, except that nearly every data-entry step has been automated. The list of financial services that can pour your data directly into the Internet includes life-cycle banks representing almost half of all direct-deposit deposits in the United States. Bankers' accounts representing 80 percent of all online brokerage accounts also connect directly. iStock promises that some big, well-known, full-service houses will come on board this fall. There is a virtually no corner of your financial life that can't be reached by the site. Yet where My Finance shines is not in pure aggregation, but in giving users tools with which to evaluate their total financial readiness. The site, in combination

with Quicken software, can alert you when your bank balances look too low. It can remind you when all your regular bills are due, and it can prepare the payment.

On the investment side, My Finance offers an easy-to-use and powerful set of portfolio-analysis tools. The Web, of course, is crisscrossed with such tools. My Finance, however, can apply them directly to your own holdings. With the push of a button, for instance, it can tell you your most allocations across everything you own. It doesn't just look at your stocks and bonds; it crawls into your mutual funds, takes them apart by the pieces they own, and then measures the whole lot. Even a high-priced private banker won't go that far. If the portfolio analyzer deduces that you need to have more stocks of big companies, it will tell you so, then go into its database (in this case, one borrowed from Morningstar) and tell you the best performing, lowest-risk mutual fund that can fill the gap. It's astonishing, really, to be armed on the Web. iStockers are always giving one another, or expert financial firms, the courtesy by name.

Currently, only about a hundred thousand Web users take advantage of aggregators. Yet as the infant technology matures, it will encourage more people to spend their financial loyalties over more widely. The laptops will try to keep up, but in any case—and to the benefit of our financial and mental health—things will never be the same again. ■

FOR MORE ON AGGREGATION WEBS, VISIT WWW.ASK-BOSE.COM/PORTFOLIO

MARKET: The Best Screen Scrapers

My Finance's (quicken.com/money/finance2) debut site brings together most kinds of accounts (from checking to mutual funds, though you can't fully join online credit-card lines here yet) and has alliances with more financial institutions than any other site. It also integrates well with Quicken, the financial-management software with the widest following.

Microsoft's Money Central (moneycentral.msn.com) does better basics: Watch and manage your own investments, pay your bills, and get access to scores of great, always clear financial advice. Analytical tools aren't quite as robust as iStock's, but, learning Microsoft's way will

help. Quicken Central (quicken.com) pushes the same pieces to get started. iStock allows you to bring together even more kinds of accounts including investment programs from other iStock's or Microsoft's sites provided, in most of these sites, that you already have online accounts with your financial service providers. Both iStock and Quicken offer easy-to-use analysis tools, however. iStock isn't about comprehensive, continuous,

SEARCH AND ASK, JIMMY-GO-GO AND JIMMY-GO-GO! The Internet's two biggest trends, AOL and iStock, have also recently launched aggregation services. AOL has joined with iStock but has not adopted any of its more tools or software yet. iStock's version can be integrated with your customized My Finance pages. iStock welcome is watching your stock and playing your bills, you can check sports scores, weather and any of the other data iStock offers to give you further access. —T. C. F.



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THE FINEST KENTUCKY BOURBON. MADE IN LOUISVILLE.

It ain't NBC anymore.
What's scary is that it's Fox.

By Tom Carson

the screen

The New Must-See TV



IT WAS WEEK CHIEFTOPPER TITUS introduced her namesake Fox sitcom. It's taking on show lights like no other in the all-American mix of an exuberant, boy-meets-girl—a cross between Shakespeare's Puck and the one from *The Real World*. Moving a room whose only furniture looks suspiciously like a vintage electric chair, he takes a little's uncharted pride in knowing all the steps to the software rock act he vents about teenagey's most awkward dilemmas. And

Superintently played by Drew Kirsch, Titus's own father is a howlingly funny mixture of brilliant and idiotic—bored, stressed, outrageously self-deprecating wisecracker and dad who's a master at making Titus and his eleven other siblings, none (Jack) What!, feel inadequate by yardsticks they never were wanted to measure up to. Not that Mike—the first of Papa Titus's five wives—is a mother, since she's also at ease with violent words as wild as the Titus's own when she can't depend on the girls. Their son, however, is frenziedly chaotic, wooed by the supernatural, staidly he passed along in Titus's previous marriage to the E. A. Yams, all percent of American families can now picture him as he's himself dysfunctional. "That means you're the majority," Titus

beamed, with just a hint of happy misanthrope. "We're correct."

If anything, the figure sounds lower enough to make you curious about who's all the back-there can be that many those grand-children, can there? It's some kind of tribute to our national genius for cognitive dissonance that politicians started piddling family values as a nostrum in the same decade that several million group-therapy sessions were reinforcing the nuclear clan as a happy lie. But that's just why Titus's gleeful, gaudy war of the wipers fits right in on Fox, because Fox is the corresponding id to the rest of broadcast TV's superego. With its lynchpin voice of the two that hard-potting *Melrose* the *Melbie's* ballerina's version and *That '70s Show's* beamed one in the lineup—joined this fall by gay dad John Gossard as—the network we can always count on to go for America's short hairs, has become the tube's main purveyor of post-fests about family life.

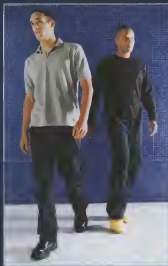
Dividing, the subject-long a multiple source of heavenly great for mindless fun—has all but vanished from the other broadcast "bugger" schedules, crowded out by shows about hip young angles (*Friends*, *Will & Grace*, *Just About Life*), underappreciated roms (*Primer*, *Reckless*), and we're-only-gotta-bugger ourselves (*Norma & Greg*, *The King of Queens*). Most of them are also set in more upscale walks of life than is Fox's delectably, profane-friendly roster, a tip-off that the other network's pursuit of pithy demographic pictures is the



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FOOTWEAR

the screen

and his girlfriend (Cynthia Wren, whose incredulous stare could stop the Indy 500 on midlap) are together in that she's as good as he is, the only person whose interests he can't help relishing as tests of his superior cunning. The way growing-up dysfunction leads to almost delusory about having been through more than their parents in the show's ultimate sick joke...and don't think Tinseltown star doesn't know it. When Papa Tinseltown is off drinking, his offspring pines too much about losing their mother that they stage an intervention to get him back on the scene.

Partly because mother-mouthed white chicks with chips on their shoulders were angry at even more obvious reputation than the one they deserve—gay, dumb, Ewan—over the quality-TV types who can see that *Melrose* is the Middle Age its claims take it for granted that Tina is for school, but not only is his stress society as good-hearted as all get-out, its innocent perceptions come off much purer compared with the dysfunctional family baggage that was *First Wives*—and for a long time only—grants access. The perfect episode is *Cody Marned*, with Children is usually remembered as the epitome of vulgarity, which it was—hell, only so. I thought its concerning business was inspired, but I missed the show more than I enjoyed it. It was so true about the misery and cynicism of its middle-American protagonists that so many detached moments played like *Richard* for north-breathes. What could should have concerned Joe LaBranza, since it emphasized even so, was that the audience still managed to sympathize as Al Bundy enough to identify with him—or was he the other way around?

It's still a measure of how far we've come since *Murphy Brown* with *Children* sagging behind that neither *Melrose* nor the Middle Age That *The Show* is considered merely outrageous for presenting a view of family life that once would have seemed almost to extreme. That *The Show* advertises its feelings as therapy, which is why it's in the writer's credit that it's so much more nerve and nerve than its trendy model, *Happy Days*. The best thing about the script's cultural awareness of how weird family life can get without actually being unhappy is that the show's basic sweetness and good humor are never in doubt—not even when it's joking about aspects of adolescence so mordant but also in the *Cocoon*ish way of getting laughs, teen premarital, and the discomfort of having sex on the beach when your parents are in your face.

Even so, if the upcoming series had surfaced on any big Three network's schedule, soccer's gatekeepers might have gone on making outlaws, even after Fox's custom is inadvertently made the series of the hero and his friends taking up twice as busy by winning any sense of what they're smoking. By luck's disposable weakness, though, that *The Show* is off—and is already weaker that it's ground-breaking half. The same could be said for *Melrose* in the Middle, which curiously suggests that child hood is half and all grown-up are legends, while missing both of these observations is good rather than counter. For all its lightness, it's a show whose sharp-but cheerful view of modern parents is obviously dirty drizzle—think Sergeant Pepper promoted to Colonel Blimp—can leave you wondering if every family in the Adams family without knowing it. Which party will state up that network's take on the subject, from the *Bundy* to now—will TV viewers are the power for it, either the way *The Show* has learned from its success is better to use them is almost enough to make you forget *Melrose* for *Common World Records*—and maybe even for *Herman's Head*, too. ■

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the page

How scary
is it that
John Gray,
Ph.D., might
not be all
that wrong?

By Daniel
Mendelsohn

happens when you have children, or expected to just students, in your life.

But I'd never been able to figure out the real reason for Gray's phenomenal appeal until I got to the dust. As part of his latest book's new-age "prescribed" emphasis on how to achieve what he sees as the three basic goals in life—lasting love, tremendous success, and vibrant health (read: sex, money and control this)—he includes recommendations on how "to lose excess weight and be healthy." Little of this is earthshaking: Drink plenty of water, try legumes for a change, eat out the refined sugar. What caught my eye wasn't so much the no-sureties that you need to follow the diet only 80 percent of the time, but rather the bald-type exhortation that it's "okay" to make your food 20 percent of your diet—once you are healthy!"

That's the secret of Gray's appeal. How could you not love someone whose idea of a balanced diet includes Doritos? When you think about it, pretty much everything he's been selling—psychological insights, couples counseling, guidelines for emotional and physical health—has been just food dressed up in a fancy suit. It's not that he's wrong about the conflict between the sexes, it's that he makes everything so easy. It's *Abolished Life*. Although this is most obvious in the new (and new-age) book—"Talk to God As If You Are Living Here"—it's been in evidence from the very beginning: That was when Gray came up with those error-making pseudo-linguist myths in which retroactive became a function of psychology. Men are descended from tough Marlon do it yourselfers, women

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Me Boy, You Girl

I WASN'T UNTIL I DOTTED halfway through John Gray's latest self-help book, *Practical Menace for Men & Women*—the book where he lays down the rules for his Natural Sexup Diet—that I realized what it was that had begged me all the way through the previous seven or eight. It wasn't really Gray's unashamedly banal and repressive arguments about the "essential" and "natural" differences between men and women that had put me off before—you know, "while women fantasize about men, men fantasize about powerful cars." I'll probably lose all my hip academic woman-sno-astute friends for saying this, but despite my brief flirtation with gender studies and camp in high school, I've become an existentialist at heart—something that often

the page

from a new, beauty-loving Venetian. Lulu found this schematic approach to the world not necessarily wrong. There are indeed fundamental differences between the issues that need to be discussed and explored with greater forthrightness than you're going to find in the arguments of the "matrins" school of thought about sexuality and gender which holds that categories like "masculine" and "feminine" and the behaviors we encounter with them are, essentially, cultural rather than natural. (Will that to a woman in childbirth.)

People responded to Gray, in fact, because his different-players thesis is, at some fundamental level, so obviously right—however loopy it sometimes plays on the page. “On Women, everyone studies psychology and has at least a master’s degree in reasoning” (in spec., no one

TheIndex

[illegible]

and taken on a road trip that they describe as an opportunity to "test a pair of touring shoes" and "test out some new songs." *THE BEATLES* *WINTER 2011*



GEORGE HARRISON

can hear your transference.) When you deal with the opposite sex, it often does feel as if you're talking to someone from another planet. You want to solve problems alone, but she wants to talk about them; you want to work off your frustrations by doing something physical, but she wants to "commune"; you're attached to objects and things: guitars and wedges, whatever she's better at feelings and people. And so on.

WHAT DOES THIS DO TO YOU? In that, like Jack Black, there's no narration once you get past that gray period—you keep crawling through bag after bag of Greyhound, but you never feel full! (One reason for this is the staggering amount of wholesale repetition from a no back to the next, which suggests that Grey is banal, rather than his cause, is his inspiration.) The surface is content to observe that men and women are different, but that's just the starting point for just the conclusion.

is a really interesting discussion of the text itself. Among other things, Gray never deals with how many people of both sexes merge between Mars and Venus every day—or with how good that necessarily can be. The point (in *Mars Men* and *Mars, Women*) is that, after all, the subsequent books in, *Venus* and *Earth*, that we accept the opposite sex as just as good as we accept the opposite sex just as it is. It is, of course, this insistence on squandering everything into a single social makes for more, still we are selective uses of recent novel and political history both in the earlier books and, even more egregiously, in the new one ("Reviews 1983 and 1992, not values shifted from money and sex, not values become more important.") This, in turn, leads the author to rather arguments that would be laughable if they, on believing in these, weren't so offensive.

For example, Gray also says relationships are so difficult that they require

2 **THE POLYMER**
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the page

other message, in essence, it's a feminist gender-relatives-should-get-together. But the (and self-evident) message is that what on earth do you do with the subsequent claim that women "are no longer protected from the harsh and cold realities of the work world outside the home"? This is a man who hasn't been very on-mate with Mary, goes—no way nothing of dirty diapers. Not shocking classlessness about contemporary realities is humorously complemented by a steady up in all the books to be shared and probably (and more) are normal accounts of the past. I especially loved the idea in *Mom and Dad Together Forever* that professions, not the "banned and respected" their status for "writing a home," a hilariously anachronistic fantasy that makes you wonder what the July 10 1900s: issue of *Letter Days* and the Cape might have looked like.

Subsequent complaints made, there's a serious lesson: how in Gray's "anthropological" approach. Think about it: These are Martin and Virginia who keeps making an explanation for why we are "we are supposed to be different" are, in fact, something out of date's his consciousness from some of the fine hundred thousand individuals who have attended his "relationship seminars" over the past. Obviously, Gray leads on more of authority to his progeny by making the lead of quite modern in the go, which has the virtue of making the audience feel as smart as—well, John Gray. It's "We all have 10 10's" as a successful relationship, he suggests in *Mom and Dad Together Forever* (So far's an obvious similarity to the reasoning here, but we suppose to be such-and-such a way because—well, because we are that way).

THE GILS CIRCULARITY of Gray's arguments reminds you of the way children reason. And, come to think of it, if the author's "wisdom" was found in *Practical Miracles* ("Without direct experience, you certainly can have an opinion, but you cannot know") and in *Mom and Dad Together Forever* ("It's not as if everything will be okay," Gray) are so many of challenges to the answer which does anything you find in its predecessors, that's the point. This stuff works not because it's right (where it is) but because it is, in essence, too good. Take an over-ambitious parent who allows his five-year-old to "help" build the new shed, Gray offers her readers the seductive illusion of accomplishment without imposing responsibility (infectious or otherwise), on them. He leads them to believe that they're basically struggling with age-

old gender issues even as he encourages them to accept the latest clichés as something he provides a program for doing a certain "work" that he's a masculine resemblance to doing nothing at all. "The secret of success in relationships is not demanding change from your partner," he writes in the latest book, echoing the basic tenet of the first.

But adult life is, of course, all about change, demands and mastering it in ourselves, as adults, in the world. What Gray offers is instead the idea of a return to childhood. Appropriately enough, there's something weirdly interesting about Gray's language, often, he uses the diction of children's books: "Once upon a time, untold ages ago," goes the soothing beginning of *Mom and Dad Together Forever*; "men and women were peaceful partners..." When *Are from Mom* has certain headings work seems like "Why Are I Go into 'The Green'" and "Getting Started by the Dragon." Whenever he's about to offering a statement as if it's achieved by "moving" toward some form of higher vaguely Elysian, clearer consciousness, Gray's new book, like its predecessors, is a regression into fairy-tale thinking: the backward-looking, obvious fantasy of early childhood, where you didn't have to think or do anything for yourself.

All this, no effort. There's a passage in the new book in which Gray relates how at the age of nine, he had the good fortune to find a female teacher "who broke every form of the ancient teachings of first learning with the beginning" (which, incidentally, Gray and his teacher "immediately sent the advanced moves" which were stimulating. "And as an adult he managed to find a piano teacher who was willing to 'skip all the beginner's practice'") (Which a work, he was playing his favorite tunes from *Let Me*). No discipline, no work, just the fun part: no wonder he's so popular. Gray has made himself into the kind of "teacher" he is occasionally attacked for one who requires nothing at all from his students. But before you shell out twenty-four dollars for his latest lessons—thereby bringing the best-selling teacher at least a bit closer to wealth, happiness, and long life—think for a second about which teachers you've learned the most from, the ones who made you happy, or the ones who made you work. Or to put it a bit differently: Would you trust a teacher who let you eat *Donuts*? It

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The Esquire Guide LEATHER

YOU UNDERESTIMATE YOURSELF IF YOU THINK YOU'RE NOT TOUGH. When you wear leather, didn't you? Nothing wrong with that—so did we. Easy Riders. Bagnmen. Street toughs. Wearing leather of any sort was as close as many of us ever got to being a ripsnorter, a scoundrel, or just a plain badass. We're here to change that. Yes, leather has terrifically durable qualities, and, yes, leather's practical origins make it an excellent sort of armor against water, wind, and the occasional shiv, but why must it be relegated only to cowboys and thugs? Can't leather be part of your everyday wardrobe? Can't it even (dare to dream) be worn with a suit? Up until recently, no, it couldn't. But advances at both the tannery and the tailoring shop have brought softer and more pliable skins to the market in the last couple of seasons, which can then be fashioned into coats that look far more appropriate paired with a cashmere two-button than with a Springer Softail.

Garfield Squires, a tannery owner in Portland, Oregon, who has been in the leather business for 20 years, says that the leather industry is now producing leather that is softer and more pliable than ever before. He says that the leather industry is now producing leather that is softer and more pliable than ever before.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GARY HARRIS

NOVEMBER 2000 ESQUIRE 93



at \$1,000, the jacket is a good value. The coat is made of leather and has a double-breasted design. The coat is made of leather and has a double-breasted design. The coat is made of leather and has a double-breasted design.



Coats

SO WHAT ARE WE TALKING ABOUT when we talk about leather? Well, this chat, at least, isn't about that old-style skin, which could be as stiff and creaky as your grandma's hip. That stuff's fine when you separate from your flathead at sixty miles an hour and want to prevent head-to-toe road rash, but it offers little in terms of comfort when your ride is a Lexus. The coats on these pages prove their worth to the civilized world by combining unmatchable flexibility and softness (like Land O' Lakes, we tell you) with a welcomed versatility.

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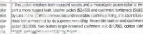
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IF CALFSKIN SEEMS A LIT LIT TOO ORDINARY, you can always check out garments in other, more exotic skins (we say, as we prepare for the onslaught of phone calls from PETA). Ostrich, crocodile, shearing, and pigskin are worthy alternatives to the ever-present bovine variety. Sportier than their calfskin brethren, coats and jackets like these are more appropriate for casual occasions: a stroll to the movies or a trip down to a club. Just make sure there aren't any animal-rights rallies scheduled en route.



a Looks at pterosaurs? While not for the timid, this crocodile coat will surely help you shed your girly-girl image. Crowded by the numbers two buttons crocodile sport coat (\$5,600) by Tommy Hilfiger.

b Stands in postage the most pleasing material to the hand but remember: Crocodile. Never wear it at the bar or while reading a newspaper. Limited suede car coat (\$2,380) by Dolce & Gabbana.



c Maps leather is known for its toughness to auto crashes as being one of the firmest types of leather you can find, all the more reason to wear it on your back. Padded ridge-leather motorcycle jacket (\$2,400) by Gucci.

d Has fewer than much ostrich in being the best of the newbies, ostrich may stand a better chance of being the leather of the twenty-first century. Zip-front ostrich jacket (\$2,900) by Prada.



e Not just for the Wilsons, they've shown around on weekends, pigskin's rougher texture can make for an ideal piece of outerwear. Pigskin bomber jacket (\$1,000) by Prada.

f With a simple construction and straight edges, this shearing jacket lets its richly colored skin speak for itself. Zip-front shearing jacket (\$2,950) by Alexander

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waiting for the
WHISKY
to age so it can be bottled.

It takes patience
waiting for the
WIFE
to leave so it
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The Restless Man

From space to tropical jungles, weather to wild and weird jaguars, head in the jungle with the last of the great Belizean hunter guides, walk with Russell Hawkins on a vision quest to the top of the Yucatan world, and explore one of the newest paradises on earth, the beautiful and savage Mesoamerica. In addition, find yourself lost in The Hidden Caribbean. And remember, the here and now can be pretty good, but out there is always better.

ILLUSTRATION BY MALCOLM TARTAGLIA

NOVEMBER 2000 ESQUIRE 103

BY BUCKY MEMANON

BY BUCKY McMANON

PERCIVAL GORDON, KING of the HOWLERS

In praise of the jungle guide. And a warning From Miami, you can be in
Monkey River, Belize, in three hours. The return trip may take much longer.

LISTEN, MON! LISTEN! he said. "You hear them?" Perceval Gordon cut the outboard motor, and we drifted between green barricades of wild cane. Beyond that tangled picket line, from somewhere infuses up Monkey River, deep within the jungle, come distant dinosaur roars. "Sounds like Godzilla on fire," I started to say, coughing out clouds of smoke and passing the mighty Mayan slipflick back to Perceval. The Maya grow all the best herb in Belize, the guide had told me, and their smoke was good for conjuring all the appetitions of the jungle, real and imaginary.

[illegible]

FOX and WHALE, PRIEST and ANGEL

This is not another mountain-climbing story



On the tenth day of our climb, the wind rose, the temperature dropped, and light snow began to fall. Two days before, under a cobalt-blue sky, we'd hauled ourselves and our gear over slurry talus and scree from the base camp at Plaza Argentina across the rock-scabbled skin of the Glaciar de Relinches here to Camp Ouc, at 16,170 feet. On a broad ledge where the glacier squeezed between one of Aconcagua's uplifted, sedimented skirts and rubble tumbled from the side of her slightly lower sister peak, Ameghino, we pitched our tents.

We double-gaited them and lashed them to large rocks with nylon rope, then hauled ice from an exposed slab of the glacier to melt for drinking, cooking, and cleaning and got the stoves fired up.

We were nine men, six moderately experienced climbers and three guides, scaling Aconcagua, the top of the Andes and, at 23,344 feet, the highest mountain in the world outside the Himalayas. With more than 100,000 annual feet still to go, we were exhausted—and one of us, Chris Hunter, the younger and possibly the fittest, was showing early signs of altitude sickness, a vicious headache, nausea, and discomfort that had been our companion day so far. The trail had overstepped where glaciers melt upland over snow-capped bowl-deeps to the broad Valla de los Vientos thousands of feet below, the dusty, wind-swept valley we'd found a week earlier, remote-area miles in from the road that runs between Mendoza, Argentina, and the Chile-Argentina border.

Early in the day I had glanced off to my left and had spotted, rising along the edge of the crevasse between us, a jagged fox. For a long time, the fox, ever on its side of the crevasse kept wary pace with one corner while we dogged along, the weight of our packs steadily increasing, increased. With each turn, as the jagged trail, our breathing become more labored, four inches per step, then, after a while, two, then, as the day wore on, three, I stopped and studied the fox. It stopped and looked across at me. In this extreme Andean glacial world, the sight of a fox was truly a wondrously seldom sight of a large prey pro-

Illustration: the author's challenge. Top of the snow-capped, volcanic peaks of the Andes, where we were climbing. One of the challenges: after weeks of altitude, one begins to see things.

THE NINTH CAMEL

[illegible]

There were three consecutive nights and two days like this. We slept, awoke, cooked, ate, peed, and washed in our

CARRACOLL GREENADINGS Ltd.

from the RCMP, officers of Canadian coast guard vessels that the microwave needed used in May on the ship, along with a helicopter and search plane. The RCMP also said that the vessel was equipped with a "location beacon" and "aerial thermal imager" that could be used to search for a plane. "I believe the ship was used to search for a plane," said a spokesman for the RCMP. "I believe the ship was used to search for a plane."

RECURA, GRENADINES in PG1

Boatmen a trio of frequent beach-tows and surfing-watches, Drim King learned the small wooden boat off the Maine beach for this year's Fall sail out to house the surfboard canisters into black, strap a cane to his back, and use wavy feet down to where the surfboard swim deep, but when money was tight, Drim took work on fishing boats that pulled the surfboard. One afternoon a couple of years

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BY LUCKY MCMAHON

Montserrat is not rising from the ashes. Montserrat is the ashes. And the mighty volcano is not yet finished.



so couldn't tell from the northern half of Montserrat, where everybody lives now, that just on the other side of that hill the earth had cracked open like a boiling egg. And it was still cooking. The rumor on the ferry over from Antigua was that the volcano's dome was building at a rate of one VW bus per second. I imagined one of those coiling spirals of ash sold as fireworks, times one hippie van per tick. Big. Bigger. Bigger. Bigger. Too fucking big. The rumor was, it was going to blow.

But did anyone seem concerned? No. No one at all. Not on the ferry, which was full of

little wrinkles, like the duck at Little Jay which looks more like a toucan, over a real pot of envy. Not the easterners who consistently attempted to through them dead at the foot of the rugged northern hills. Definitely not the man who worked the station once like a hustling politician, crying, "Welcome to Montserrat!" in a booming voice, shaking hands, bowing, laughing maniacally "Welcome! Welcome!" He was catching the ferry keywords of greed. He wasn't concerned that on the rub rule up to the hill, the first pedestrian we passed was a black rat, except for a cloud of bees.

He had branched himself with
ash in example. He was concerned

Just the opposite was Jackie Glenshaw, general manager of Tropical Maritime Sales, Manassas: "I only sold the Mediterranean-style housing recommended in *Successful* view of Little Bay and the whole northern end, which lacks a little like the lovely parts of Marjory Gandy, though in much need of refinishing. You could see all that there was in the north as far along the waterfront as Little Bay, new shops and bars had sprung up, many of them attractive restaurants or businesses that had moved there and further north—none of them two or three times over step ahead of the fast and rich."

and the life of the island's residents from its volcanic long slumber the island has been rocked by a series of devastating eruptions. The capital, Plymouth, was plunged into complete darkness and smothered twice, the second and final time in April '86. The Plymouth government had raised out its new barracks-style headquarters near the new settlement on a dramatic cliff overlooking the sea. And nestled on the Silver Hill, the "Swordmaker's Mountain" communities—tiny squabbling new wooden houses laid out in a grid, a Caribbean Levittown—were taking root; their residents are joining to build only three little plots of land.

The great hotel opened last December as a symbol of confidence in the future and no doubt many to look on from the north end, is by far the biggest building on the island now. "We're hot, but we're cold," Glavinovich said. Professionally friendly on top of being nice, the man uple at despite having lost his previous livelihood, his airport gift and does things all day long. Looking when an episode of mud took out the terminal and three quarters of the runway. "We don't have the south airport, but we now have a very calm, relaxing volcano, which people should come see," the said.

And really, what other attitude can anyone take toward an exploding moment?



The formerly situated southern end of the island (left and above) is now, primarily, scrubby grass, rocky northern end is where the lichen is abundant, much like above the



The Miami television show *Scruffy* has been chosen amongst volcanologists. Lisa Carol Canfield, whose office in the government bureaucracy above Little Boy was my first stop. A mountainous man with a deep bass voice, Canfield has developed a rich ambivalence toward the volcano. On the one hand, he's here to have a career to "locate his house under the mud until it's safe to go looking for it," on the other hand, he's been wonder. "It's such a beautiful sight to see the pyroclastic flow traveling along the water and past building. The thing is so beautiful," he said, "you cannot know a happening another look. I'm sorry." By recommending that people go on top of Chichón, he said, "From there you have a magnificent moment view of the volcano."

So that's where I was headed by mistake, wandering along the coast road, a beautiful ride high above far-flung fathoms of sea, and then down into deep shady "gullies" as the stream-cut valleys are called. Then up through a couple of tiny villages, which explain why hardly anyone lived in the north before the eruptions, because man is not a goat, and at last, after about twenty minutes, the road dropped down into a broad valley and the

appeared under ash. A metal pole blocked the main fork; another lane formed to lead past a big EXCELUTION course sign. That was the road to central Ballwin Valley, former site of George Martin's Air Scaubs and of Minnesota's once-beloved golf course. The valley is now a corn field and broken trees and cut-down pine trees. The only breath through the drifts up to the river, and then the road reversed from the dust and began to climb switchbacks up Garibaldi Hill, a steep segment with expensive, abandoned

From the top, I could see the white Mt. Morro de la Cruz, the conical cone of Dante. To the south lay Popocatepetl, the formerly great flat pyramid cone, now its steep hillsides topped by the most recent ash since last Volcans erupted in 1992. Looking back north, I could see how Garibaldi had itself diverted a tongue of the southflow through Belizales Valley looking inland and up, I could at last see the San Andrés Volcans, appearing where the island lay a giant eye, its deeper than the ashable of ash clouds, its peaks the highest in the island. So small was the island, yet enough the mountain a previous generation, how it had conceived the island long ago in violence and then melted for a millennium or two, its shoulders softened as they aged. The old violence of birth here, the deep ash, turned to fertility, and the people came. It was a people trap a common story at a picnic house, the land no knowledge with help to avoid because it is so unreasonably with the people. As creatures, we'll take our million chances. And we'll live.

Seafloor had divided Montserrat in half, as if with a sword of fire, and what was left for habitation was the geologically young part, beautiful as its own right but

too dense, swampy and rocky to be easy. The best line was lost, if not forever then for a good long while. There was this beauty to contemplation, though, and the ghost town. Mytown, the new Pompeii, which seemed suspiciously beautiful. Even so, its ruins you could see the artifice, the extreme proportions of the triple port dome just right, as a single, looser scale made all the more poignant for its lost heart. That was the landscape, anyway, post-humous-post-modern bellum, the canyons were measurable and coherent.

I opened it in Gerbaldi Hall every day, knowing that at any moment, with a tremor or a shout, a bomb, a live wire might launch a mushroom cloud of fire and ash thirty thousand feet into the air, and that in the blue-black haze of the following smoke, dark thunderclouds would loom like mountains with bolts of lightning while it glowed and spit burning streams and loosed the pyroclastic flow that would bathe the sea. So there was a window on the public trash table on this planet. We live, precariously as hell on a thin, shattering crust above a molten fire.

On my trip to Carlsbad, I'll ride the train while viewing a gale, taking up a dirt station as the desert winds of Plymouth, with clouds of a hundred feet high. All was blowing down in the explosion zone, making, smoldering, and old photos, from the base of the volcano to miles out to sea, where the pulled down air is blowing of peach or the center of a hurricane's eye, subtly blended with the line of the sea and sky. At last the wind had stopped Southern's peak in the clouds and I could see the jagged crater, the collar of the pass. Suddenly I was of several miles about a new mountain off

I was lulled back to the land, passing through the village a little in the morning sunlight close to the volcano, when the lights in my window met me down "Densley Eero, my long lost brother!" he greeted me. "I know you in Antigua," he said, and a great deal more, full of kind references, greeting implications, and finally a very blessing that he be safely on my way. Oh, Thank you, that Densley Eero? Well, maybe they had grown a little, but more for that boom that overcame me. And surely my day-late news were packed when I heard of the ferry and it pulled away from Montserrat, and the website was to Antigua while I descended out of my I am here now and

WHEN THE NIGHT COMES TOGETHER

PAUL MASSON
Grande Amber
BRANDY



The Brave Man

COLONEL BUD DAY with Cal Fussman

A drop of sweat ran off the elderly man's forehead as he sat in the chair. He was wearing a white polo shirt with a blue collar and a medal on his chest. He was sitting in a chair, looking directly at the camera. Behind him is a large, dark painting depicting a battle scene with soldiers and aircraft.

What if they did want to go? I was behind him, looking back with my hands on his shoulders. They were quiet, as if they were waiting for me to say something. I was waiting for them to say something. I was waiting for them to say something.

They were quiet, as if they were waiting for me to say something. I was waiting for them to say something. I was waiting for them to say something. They were quiet, as if they were waiting for me to say something.

and instead to go that up. There was a bunch of things going on. The man knew me, but he didn't know me. I was waiting for them to say something. I was waiting for them to say something. I was waiting for them to say something.

When the system down, my mind and hands were still going. I was waiting for them to say something. I was waiting for them to say something. I was waiting for them to say something.

1. Rib eye
2. Porterhouse
3. Sirloin
4. Filet mignon
5. T-bone
6. Flank steak
7. Skirt steak
8. Hanger steak



BY BOBBY FLAY *meats at the butcher and butcher.* A good butcher will take the time to give you a good piece of meat. The only thing you need to know is what you're looking for. A good butcher will take the time to give you a good piece of meat. The only thing you need to know is what you're looking for.

THE ADVICE *of Solomon Snyder, director of research, John Madden.* The only thing you need to know is what you're looking for. A good butcher will take the time to give you a good piece of meat. The only thing you need to know is what you're looking for.

ADRIAN BOWEN'S ADVICE FROM BOWEN

BY JEANNE MARIE LASKAS *documentary project about the life of the actress, Jeanne Marie Laskas.* The only thing you need to know is what you're looking for. A good butcher will take the time to give you a good piece of meat. The only thing you need to know is what you're looking for.



5

When
I see
him
I want
a
kiss

Debra Messing

Be a hero. And then come home to me.

WHEN I WAS 15 (1973) SUMMER, I dated the captain of the football team. He was the hero of the school I remember watching him I loved to watch him. He operated in a world that I was not part of. Out on the field he was not self-conscious in any way. The boys he would make! The crowds that would come out of his body! The brutal nature that he would endure—my God—he just looked like a broken egg shell someone would be able to see. He should be able to see. He should be able to see. He should be able to see. I'm looking back.

5 Women Who Make Us Want to Be a Better Man

I loved, who loved me. And then when that time was over and the game started again, he would go completely back into his world.

I guess that's what I love about a man, an ability for him to have a dual personality. It's his ability to go out into the world and do his thing like a champion, but then he's able to come back home to be relationship. To be able to play his game as his own kind and still be able to come over and be with me is nice.

A man should be autonomous. I find men attractive when they know who they are. When they're responsible. When they're self-reliant without cutting themselves off from other people. A man needs to know that he does incredible things, a self-image to admit that he's winning. And to apologize first. Or to change his mind and admit that he's changed his mind.

Honesty is probably the scariest thing a man can give to a woman. It's about feeling safe within a relationship. That feeling of safety is built by knowing that you're not going to be blindsided by the person you feel is your greatest confidence and your biggest champion. It's being able to know across the board that there is at least one person in the world who will speak directly with you, who will not have any other agenda.

Men don't understand the commitment thing. It's so old to them. It can be misconstrued. A woman isn't always asking for you to act in date. A woman just wants to know that you're on the same peak, that you both have the same idea about that relationship you're having together. Knowing you are on the same path is very different from asking "Are you going to be with me a year from now, five years from now?" It's more about deciding that there's a need we want to be on, and we're going to do everything we can to make that need work, to prove it. Our eyes are open, we're not naive, but we're also open-minded about being on that road together, go down forever.

My dad has a very strong character. He has incredible integrity and dignity. He's a businessman. He runs his whole life. What I learned from him was—it's funny, as a young girl, I watched him be incredibly committed to his job. And there was a sense of responsibility and discipline and consequence. The work ethic he had was incredibly strong. And I think as a result, I find men attractive who have a passion for what they do, a total commitment to who they are.

A good relationship goes about probing farther every day, exploring the mystery, knowing that it's a mystery. And being curious to the slightest changes in your partner. A good relationship is about someone to detail. Details? A man needs to know other birthdays and anniversaries. And Valentine's Day. It might be a Hallmark holiday, but it's important. A man needs to make New Year's Eve special and meaningful. Think of the pros. There are days—at night—that need to be like prom night. For the rest of your life. That's what women need.

When I meet a man, it's very powerful when he looks at directly in the eye with kindness and openness. It's scary. It really scares me. It's all about being comfortable in your own skin. That's what a woman wants. That's what a woman needs. A man who is comfortable but not complacent. There must be continual exploration, continual growth, a little bit of an edge. A little mystery, a little unexpectedness. But also that sense of responsibility and discipline and consequence.

How to be a better man? At halftime, find me in the locker room and make me the hero of the school. But also be my man.

—INTERVIEWED BY MONTY GAGER

it was pretty fascinating to see the way he would be broken down at times, publicly humiliated. But there was a side there. A total commitment to the attempt. It made me feel like he was—I don't know—I looked at him and saw some sort of glow around him, in a way, you know, a beauty light. I loved that there was something he was so passionate about that was only his.

And then it would be halftime, whenever you call it, the band would go out to play, and he would come to the sidelines. He would find me in the bleachers, and he would smile. And in that moment he was no longer the hero of the school. He was the guy I knew the guy

Chilli [SINGER, TLC]

What's your dream man?
I want to be a good man.

Because I want to see my little boy grow up to be a good man. I'm serious right now. For some reason, me as parents tend to want our boys differently than we treat our girls. But I'm trying to show him to try and be responsible to be independent, responsible, and honest, very trying to teach him to respect women first by respecting the rules of all. I am teaching him never to be afraid to love another loved. And that, I hope, allow you to be a better man. Photograph by Mark A. Korman





Jennifer Connelly | ACTRESS

Every once in a while, take the scenic route

[illegible]**Kristin Davis** | ACTRESS, *SEX AND THE CITY* |

Let the woman be right. For once.

[illegible]

The simple pleasure of watching his wife—just as he always has—beautify his beautiful act of generosity as he kneading and kneading, kneading his dough and just always argument with a team over which humankind has dominated the planet of Spain (Spain in 1981, he was a Marxist and had a book out in knowing years about the future of Spain) using a southern worker, among his friends and would also give three minutes to the people in the city, but he said, "I'm not used to being so big." So we agreed to take a walk. He said a few words, "I said that I have four sons, four children, but I should be. We were in the stadium. Later in the evening, he apologized, admitting that he might actually be right. And, at that moment, he suddenly came as a shock to me. I don't know if the people were right or not, but the little people are always right."

Welcome to the Better Man salon, where looking better is being better, and being better doesn't come cheap.

Photographs by Dan Chmura - Text by Ayl S. Helton

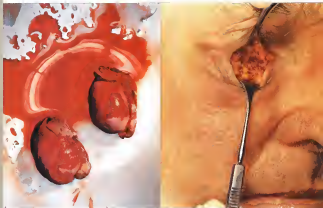
[illegible]

STICK "Is a lot of things to maintain myself" says long-time old longshoreman Harry King (above left). "I'm, I work out, I use a gymnasium three times and a swimming pool twice." Harry also gets better impact on his forehead to push out the wrinkles. "I use, I use a hairbrush, the brusher. One of the good hair products is the hair." "I like to change my hair," he states. "I just get the treatment of certain products on the wrinkles on my face. The only thing you really need to worry about is, if it's dry or dry, you get a remedy you that makes your skin better. After a normal injection, your nervous system isn't too extensive, but they can tell you a little bit. There is some judgment, most people have it done."



Extreme Measures

Here at the Foster Men salon, we don't get squeamish easily. So if you want the total experience—a deep, invasive procedure in the most tender regions of your body—all we can say is: “Come and get it!” Like, for example, if you want to rid your chest of those creases. Have you noticed how old they look? Have the skin drops down like molasses? Well, we can take twenty years off you like that. It’s simple. We just grab you by your lower lid with a pair of surgical pliers (below, right) pull it away from your face, make an incision inside the hole, and cut out the fat with a pair of scissors. Costs only \$500, and by the end of the week, you’ll be able to see again. A procedure that’s not so simple, however, is vasectomy castration (below left). Don’t laugh. Though will may remove all the testicles in increasing its population these days. As you’ll imagine it hurts, and those like major-side effects, including a testosterone drop off in testosterone production. If on the other hand you’re looking for something a little less extreme, we’ve got just the thing for your thing. No offense, but you could do better. We all could. So here’s what we’re going to do: the phalloplasty. First, we’ll get the head the acorn and open it up, then we’ll dig around for the ligaments in there that attach to your pubic bone, and when we find them we’ll just cut them—snap!—and watch you dole out another three inches. It’ll cost you four grand, and it’ll take three a while, but by the time your Yankee perception runs out, you’ll be larger than life. Make this last on your list. The Bashing touch.



PHALLOPLASTY Michaelaught about it. Sure you have. Okay, whenever needed you want. But Michaelaught thought about it for years, not after having about it for a while, then went ahead and did it. It adds length! he says proudly. “You get anywhere from one-and-a-half to three extra inches. I had to wait up for a three payment, because it cost \$3,000. But it was worth it. I was able to use an attachment with springs to stretch it and make my attachment every single day for twelve to sixteen hours. You get used to it, also there are users for the extra. It’s not completely safe, but they don’t say anything. I did it for myself.”

BUTHAPLASTY To make 2000, it’s just a day. “I got my vasectomy done. I was seeing the doctor and a regular basis for the cancer, and one day he offered to do it for no charge.” But’s saying about an eye job, and the doctor’s not a doctor, which is when we saw the full set of your aprons. “I went down to the house,” he says. “There was some discussion for a week or so. My wife wanted, and my wife was having a hard time to seeing again. But that was it. The day was great. I can’t afford to do anything else. But I’ll be able to do anything the doctor if there were no charge.”

THE PERFECT PRINCE OF COOL

In this season of acorns, enter the most talented, the most ambitious, the most combative. HUD secretary has never held elected office. But in New York—where he's about to launch his campaign for governor—and even beyond, he's already the man to beat

BY SCOTT RAAB

The plane is small. The clouds we go to the plane, the seat for the plane seems. How can it carry us, this spring machine, this Yagis with wings? I do not like the morning's sky, that thick wet air that swirls of dark-blue clouds, I do not need this cherishing, necked veins, with his wavy hair and closely brown eyes, his dangling cheeks and square white teeth, talking me. "Look at that cloud," Andrew Cuomo says, forehead creased with false concern. "Here, it's gonna storm. They bounce like balls, these little planes. Make sure you have a bag to throw up in." "We stuff ourselves inside and we take off! It's loud—a deep, whining loud, like a milk-shake Mercedes Airliner. "I thought I heard thunder!" Cuomo says as we lift into the clouds. "Clarence was that thunder?" I heard a bang. You hear thunder, the lightning is right behind it. "Clarence Day is the seventeenth, still half-fallop special deputy Dijard Stone marshal in charge of protecting the secretary of Housing and Urban Development, this Andrew Cuomo fellow." "Mylee he chatter, Sir Secretary." Clarence says in a halting rasp, not cynical barely laced. "You know, if you go down in a plane on a full stomach, you'll float better. If you go down in water."



his staff. He was the king of New York, but he's been down in 94, running for a fourth term, beaten by no-name called Pissini.

As for Andrew, it's no stretch to say that in New York State—where he's going to run for governor in 2002, although he won't admit it—the split between the New York City liberals and the upstate conservatives plays out in a ugly, sotto voce code. But it's also no stretch to note that power ultimately goes to his way. A rival for the top HUD post in 1997, he won the nomination of fiscal conservatism. After John Glimco—not above a turn of the heel—lost \$60 million in HUD funds awarded up by Cuomo as a public spin while also squandering late last year's special Hilary Clinton in New York's senate race. And just before Labor Day, Cuomo's staff poured on the news that as many as 100 employees of the HUD-subsidized general office—Cuomo and his IG have waged a tooth-and-nail four-year public war—and had been suspended for downloading vast work.

"The perfect price leaves no trail at all," but the calculus of upstate's demand more than quantifies. "You need the money, too."

"Hardball?" Cuomo echoes out. "I don't know what hardball means. I articulate strong positions—that's a biological hardball game. I believe I don't have the power to do hardball tactics. For the wrong duck. They are my IG to accept how many rolls of toilet paper I go through. They want to say that that government is—access to a toilet paper. They get something they need it in the special counsel's office. This is the game. They are the stakes. This is how they play. These guys come to tell you."

I thought I already had heard him as full roar. Not even close. He was preaching to the choir one morning at a public housing award ceremony in a huge ballroom in the Washington Hilton—Baptist was that on the sidewalk there in 1992—the climax of a three-day public session. The civil servants there look at HUD's painted concrete bars on Kennedy Street, hugging their desks. At the Hilton are two thousand people whose daily lives are spent hawking the content of the jobs and they stand and cheer for Cuomo before he spoke word one.

"I'm the housing secretary," he tells them. "You are housing. But we're about saving things, like, interesting things. If I had my way, we would reuse HUD. We would reuse it the Department of Justice."

He's building slowly, in a steady cadence. From the crowd come bursts of laughter and cries of "All right!"

"Now we've got a problem," Cuomo says. "Because there's a building down the block that they say is the Department of Justice. We'll reuse that building the Department of Criminal Justice"—here Cuomo pauses and up goes the tempo and the number of his voice—"and then we should be the department of the border for us. It's justice—social justice and social justice and economic justice."

People shout and cheer. Cuomo doesn't hold. Bring off the words faster and faster, dropping at the air with his right hand.

"The Department of Justice—social justice. Because so long as you have something to bring to the street, that's all you need. It's just justice. I don't care how many people you've got locked up—that doesn't make you socially just and socially just and economically just."

"Don't talk to me about your stock market. Don't talk to me about how rich you are as a nation now. Imagine when we bring those people who have been left out to the table—how wrong we're going to be. Imagine how sweet it's gonna be to say that we took this entire nation to a higher ground."

They were swaying on the carpet. They were dancing on their chairs. Banners here, Martin Luther King was wearing Hell, somewhere Trent Lott was weeping. Cuomo delivered that at night on the brick and stone quay, across from the Apollo. No doghouse. It was milk and honey and it tasted good and warm.

From the Hilton, we return to his study. Four dogs at HUD. An upstairs room—a living, a study—the grandest office I've ever seen, and before the war that stands a new direction in the line of succession to the presidency, one ahead of Larry King. Everywhere are couches and chairs and lamps and tables. Polychrome. And tables, side tables, coffee tables, tea tables, tables galore. Early light and earlier beams beat to a stream. You could drop eggs on the carpet from the ceiling and they wouldn't crack. And behind his desk, at the far end of a wood-paneled wall, a door is directly crafted to blend with the wall that you can reflect a close. Behind this hidden door is Mr. Stearns's official office, which I never saw, but I suspect the toilet paper within is embossed with golden threads. I know the walls in there are filled with plaques.

Near our chair, staring blindly through his window at two busts of John and Robert Kennedy. Cuomo doesn't make much of the Kennedy connection, but he does need. Everyone does it for him. He's been Jack's housing campaign manager in Andrew was Mayor. On his first date with Kevin—they got married in 1990—they rode Andrew's Harley to a homeless facility Cuomo had helped build in Brooklyn before he went to work at HUD. One day they went by the Southern-Bayview Restoration Project, which had been badly a little bit twenty years before.

But marriage is a living. It didn't make Andrew a Kennedy—Cuomo is nothing if not a New York City boy. By the time Mario moved into the governor's mansion in Albany, Andrew was in his twenties already. He came up as a live-in son-in-law in Queens, grew up working in a tow-truck driver, who bought and fixed and resold cars and paid his own way through Fairleigh University and Albany Law School. Now he has a home in Virginia, a wife from his mother is loved by his sons and five kids and boys. He drives a 90-horsepower to his three young daughters and a 73 Vette he rebuilt and still works on himself.

"I like to rebuild an engine," Cuomo says. "I like to make it work. I like to make it work better."

That's great. Mr. Stearns, and that was some speech. But let's make more. Are you going to run for governor of New York?

"I'll run," Cuomo says. "It's gonna be the state speech I just gave. That's what I believe. And if it's not popular then I lose."

Are you running?

"I don't want to lose, but the way would come up the next morning. I've seen disaster happen. I saw it happen to Mario. The ball never seem it before, and I had never seen it up to that point either. But I have seen under devastation—and you know what? It wasn't pretty, and it wasn't fine, but it was okay. And the way still come up and my friends were still my friends. So I saw the worst case scenario, and it's survivable. Maybe I had to see his loss to understand that."

"There's so much cynicism out there. Everybody thinks a politician is totally full of shit, and politicians don't really want to deal with the media because politicians are so concerned, or so frightened or so concerned. Maybe the politics is not something that's so much so concerned, but it's happen to be genuine. I think people want just want to know the truth. Don't lie to the truth, the whole truth as you say."

But still you have to get elected. If you run.

"I understand that, and I know what makes you. But I also want to tell the truth. It may be wrong, but I believe what I'm saying."

"Look, Mario Cuomo goes to run for governor in 1982, and he sits with all the prisoners. The prisoners say 'You have to change your program on the death penalty. It's a failure, an 88 percent failure. If you're in the wrong position on the death penalty, you lose.'"

"He says. Then I lose. He runs with his position on the death penalty, and he wins. Why? Because people had the most opposite calculation, a total flip of what the commentators said. People said, I disagree—but this guy is sincere. I value that more than his

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ommon on the death penalty?

Flaw. Mr. Secretary but if you're not running, then why am I sitting here with this tape recorder?

"Everything I subject to is a representation I want to have with Al Gore, because Al is a friend first and foremost. I stayed here to help him, and I wanted to finish this job. I believe I really needed this year to practice the performance of this place, and I wanted to stay and help him."

Next stop—Albany?

"That friendship is important to me. I want to do the right thing—have friendship, loyalty, respect."

And then you run for governor of New York?

"I want to have a conversation after November."

And then?

"I'm gonna have a conversation with Al Gore right after November."

Andrew's going to run for governor, right?

"Only God knows where's in your heart and mind. I don't know what's in his heart and mind. I'm not sure what's in mine all the time."

Good! I'm sitting now with Mario, in his office. Forty-two floors above millions Manhattan. It's a nice office in a big law firm, but after Andrew's fit of wit we're building to a governor's closet.

Mario looks good, which is to say that Mario looks like Mario—tall nose and well-eyed gentle soul. He has a discolored thumb but he'll be shooting hoops at the gym on Saturday. He's a pleasure just to be with, this afternoon, this October. Sit with Mario Cuomo, listen, and you get a Western Civilization Galileo and Robert Hooke, Adam Smith and Jean Chaptal, Lincoln, Nixon, both Roosevelts, Thomas Paine, and the Second Vatican Council. I think he threw Buddha in the mix, too, or maybe he was just clearing his throat.

You think Andrew can win?

"I would take him tomorrow one-on-one. I step up, I would beat him any tomorrow. He's a rugged player. Very strong, very strong guy."

So you have no doubts he can win?

"That he can win what? The governorship? No question. No doubt, no. If he ever runs."

He's running. You be sure he's told.

"What he's saying is I'm back to the game run. I intend to run eventually. And he does, that he could always change his mind."

You advise him?

"I don't lecture. He's not the kind of guy you lecture to—I don't even try. I never said. Listen to your old man—I believe there. Because he's been there with me. But if I had to take him aside, farther to run. I would say, look, pal, if you make the mistake of running for office because you think it's gonna be nice to be recognized by people as a leader and that that will reward you about your own gifts and abilities, that's maybe the dumbest thing that you can do. If you're looking to be lauded or respected, it's the wrong business. Because they'll respect you when you're a winner, and they'll beat you up when you're a Saint Francis of Assisi."

Well, he certainly has the appearance to win. If he runs.

"Remember—how do you spell that? Well, it's."

Mario fondles it in his hand.

"If the word is intended to mean an optimistic view of possibility, then—and I'm not pessimistic—a positive view of whether he can achieve something, a willingness to try it and an unusual confidence in his ability to get it done, I think that's right. I think that's it."

"He has that. I did not have that. The presidency for example. His was an probably would have been great. Why not? My tendency now, right? And that makes all the difference."

So he's running?

"All Andrew has to do is get up there and tell the truth. And nobody can do it better than he can."

He's really good.

"He's not as fully good—he's the best. The best. And he'll get better."

Take my word for it. He's already running, meeting up and down the Hudson River and the Erie Canal—places, cars, ride-along, to drive a boat—leading up HUD grants and loans and making speeches on Kerry and the Hudson now. The little Cuomo diaphragm are owned and possessed. And Kerry—Kerry is formidable herself, a linguistic virtuoso for human rights.

He's brilliant—the sons of Andrew. I'm very proud of him?

Andrew has brought us diaphragms, only checks—big, blue checks with many acres. There's HUD's Hudson River Initiative. There's HUD's Canal Corridor Initiative. For all I know, HUD also has an I'm Not Raising But Not Here's a Few Bucks for Launching Up Initiative. At every stop, there's a mayor, a couple of state assemblypersons and a congressman or two. And at every stop, Andrew tells the crowd how good it feels to come home to New York.

In an astonishing coincidence, Republican George Pataki, New York's current governor and Cuomo's likely opponent in 2002—except Pataki isn't officially running yet, either—is on his very day doing out \$50 million in state-controlled HUD checks along the Hudson River, saying to reporters about how it does a lot of good, doesn't matter "because the policies that he was a part of are no longer the future of this state."

The only man who seems initially eager to appear to be running for governor of New York in 2002 is state comptroller Carl McCall, a Democrat who has plenty of support—for now. In his first election, McCall has had all eyes with his name on them.

In Cold Spring, Andrew drops off in a hundred grand, mentions that it's great to be back in New York, and then gets interrupted by a radio reporter who asks about the governor's race.

"Which race?" Cuomo replies.

"Well," the radio guy says, "that's what I was gonna ask you."

"You wanna run?" says Cuomo. "I support you."

The radio guy always. Cuomo leans into the radio guy's microphone. It's great that the governor is highlighting the importance of HUD funds to New York state. HUD funds are the funds for a lot of things, but he's making the point that these are desperately needed funds.

He's growing brightly, having a good one. He's wearing a lucky pair of shoes, his father's black leather slip-on with a gold metal buckle and rubber soles. Nice shoes—perfect for when you're on a boat and you also have to wear a jacket and tie and make a speech.

I'm standing next to Special Deputy Governor Day watching Carl go back and forth with the radio guy. His good, I say to Governor. He's right on the way.

Cuomo nods. "See your race," he whispers. "In a few years, you'll see whether he grows and drops. You've got the good right there."

Mario wears the shoes back.

He's keeping them? Shoes. Those are my father's shoes. He didn't suggest to you, personally? He's gonna give 'em back, right? Those are good shoes. Listen—he looked on a million guy. He says, here's a pair of shoes for you. He's eleven-and-a-half. I'm eleven-and-a-half. I put them on, I said, They're too tight. He says, look them in your foot at, then you get the shoe forms, you put three pairs of socks on the shoe forms, then you put the shoe forms in. It's like a stretcher. He says, just sit in it and leave it like that for two days. He says, half. He'll get the better of that deal."

I'm kidding, Mario, the hell has gotten into New Democrat, old liberal, a new-New Promote man with a real belt and a bolero.

"It's all balcony. Roger about the table. The truth is the truth."

Truth is, he could be president someday. If he runs. ■

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STANFORD NATIONAL CONVENTION,
LOS ANGELES, AUGUST 14-15, 2000

THOMAS JOHNSON, LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS, stands
in the crowd at the 2000 Democratic National
Convention, which is held at the Los Angeles Convention Center,
which is the site of the 2000 Democratic National Convention.
The convention is held at the Los Angeles Convention Center,
which is the site of the 2000 Democratic National Convention.
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which is the site of the 2000 Democratic National Convention.

JEREMY MICHAEL, LOS ANGELES, AND
PATRICK WILSON, POLITICAL COMMENTATOR, LOS
ANGELES, are seen in the crowd at the 2000
Democratic National Convention, which is held at the
Los Angeles Convention Center, which is the site of the
2000 Democratic National Convention.



DEMOCRACY *in* AMERICA

Every four years, the great civic engine revs, the conventions convene, and our country begins again. Times change, but the issues are always the same: war and peace, a chicken in every pot, and are you better dressed now than you were four years ago. Time to vote. { PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEVEN SEBRING }



GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS
FOUNDED IN 1980. "This is
their one best time to come
to Washington and see what
the government is doing," he
says. "It's a great time to
come to Washington and
see what the government is
doing." The event is a
great time to come to
Washington and see what
the government is doing.
—GARY K. HARRIS, THE
GORE HAT, AND THE GORE
HAT, AND THE GORE HAT
—GARY K. HARRIS, THE
GORE HAT, AND THE GORE
HAT, AND THE GORE HAT



Somewhere, John F. Kennedy is going to sleep not knowing yet whether he's won California. And Richard Nixon walks on a sandy beach on a surf and wax tips, so always unable to relax. Michael Dukakis is coming off the speech of his life and a secretary points up, obviously the next president of the United States. And somewhere, Ronald Reagan is chopping wood.

Somewhere there's a political convention going on. These conventions are places where monumental decisions get made. For instance, somewhere, it's taking three ballots to get Adlai Stevenson the nomination, which he doesn't even want. Somewhere Nelson Rockefeller is getting booed and pelted out of the hall by Goldwater's boys. And somewhere, in the eternal present, Bobby's meeting with—hell, he's backing them—for his brother. But now here's something else: Somewhere, Los Angeles to be precise, it's this past August and there's a political convention going on, and nothing of any consequence whatsoever is happening. We are told by smart people: "armed wars, and we didn't leave them those conventions to no larger deliberative processes, but they are now something else, made shows maybe, but pack dance debates or explain what's going on here. What, then, is this occasion? What does it mean? What are all these people doing here?"

Well... somewhere on the convention floor is the boy delegate, "Tate Hokee, a twenty-one-year-old blond beanie-pair from Maine. North Carolina, who upon meeting someone he immediately says, "No relation!" He keeps

And somewhere, Zack Hemsman, mascot, is covering the event for *The Harvard Crimson*, really waving his tail off. He's getting interviews with everybody, from the highest Senator Kerry of Massachusetts to a helpless against this kid to the lowest, crushing every party, taking advantage of the fact that for example of *dam-one* but since contains the whole country, and he

And somewhere, Zack Newman, maestro, is covering the event for *The Harvard Crimson*, really warbling his tail off. He's getting interviews with everybody, from the highest Senator Kerry of Massachusetts to a helpless against this kid to the lowest, cringing every party, taking advantage of the fact that for example of *don't one big mean contains the whole country*, and he's

And there's John Johnson out of Little Rock, twenty-three years old and already a local operator. Somewhere, he's just graduated and has taken a job making money to build a presidential library down in Arkansas. "I'm not doing this because he's been a great president, even though that's what I believe," he says. "It's that he's been president of the United States, and whether we realize it or not, this is history, and it's crucially important." He then adds that "Alan, I was at a party last night, and I talked to Elizabeth since for a long time. He wants to give us some money, and we figured there'd be a pretty good idea."

Somewhere, there's a political commission going on.

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Somewhere, there's a political commission going on.

Somewhere, there's a political conversation going on.

JAMES LEE WITT, CHARLOTTE, ARKANSAS, DIRECTOR OF THE FEDERAL EMERGENCY MANAGEMENT AGENCY (FEMA), WAS IN HIS second job in three years in two years for either president or the U.S. Senate that wage for long time. In fact, both sides. "I have plenty of service, but it sure doesn't pay much." Three earlier single-inventor award won \$6,000 per customer since 1975 by General Dynamics, who he (1985) at night Lawrence Purple Lake.

BLANK OUTLINE UPGRADE BLANK OUTLINE AND DELETE, HITCHHIKER, KANSAS (above right) Three-button single-breasted seed suit (below) and cotton shirt made by Torrey Hilgert for the David Byrne Group

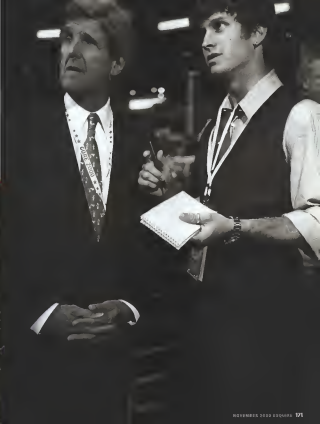
CONGRESSMAN JESSE JACKSON JR. OF CHICAGO AND **GILBERT MARSHALL** LOS ANGELES (right and far right) ON MARCH Three sudden-death criminal re-arrest (\$420) by Executive Action (1987) by Herb Schaffner & David C. via (1987) by Corral





THREE HITLERS: STUDENT AND CITIZEN: MONROE
NORTH CAROLINA (4-FF) Three button badge awarded
went out (5-TAG) need to work (6000) and cotton-shirts (2000)
by Salomone Fernandez, 4th St (198) by John Novakovic.

DAVE RAND, SPECIAL ASSISTANT TO CALIFORNIA GOVERNOR GRANT CRUEL (below): "This was the day of doom's speech. People were just grabbing their coats, leaving and grabbing their cars. Not as loud here. There wasn't a square inch of room to move." Four bullet signs (instead of four stars) by "DICKY" (lower left) and "AND I BE-ING BY ME DICKY" (lower left) by A. THOMAS

[illegible]



DRUGS MASTERPIECE: VETERANS AND DELEGATE NEW MEXICO AND CHARLIE EISENBERG DELEGATE NEW YORK (1972) "I have Indigoes and less my left, and the Game eyes and read my home!" Two buttons single-breasted waist suit (1972) by OK (Indie Alaska, vintage shirt (1972) and tie (1972) by the same

[illegible]

André & Josephine at the 1966 March of
Dimes. AND DAUGHTER JENNIFER C.
FAGG (above right). Three babies from left:
Edward and Josephine, 1966 by Ronelle. Ron-
elle and top by Ralph Lauren. For more information
on our site.

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What I've Learned Conrad Dobler

Football player, 49, Kansas City

INTERVIEW BY KYLE FISHERMAN

You know you're getting a little old when you don't buy papers anymore. You get the news from instead because they're softer. After drinking is a good attitude on life. But positive thinking without any skills is a load of crap.

Under the table, I still like a good buzz.

Price is hard to swallow, but it will go down.

Don't let one guy. Doug took the lead of the Minnesota Vikings. He put his fingers through my face mask, and I don't think they were there to strike my mouth. So I ate one finger in my life, and I don't even chew it. The legend grew from there. It's a hard life. I'm worse than Jeffrey Dahmer.

It's a big world. Get your newspaper, why have him?

Was raised in a house that had only two bathrooms, and we had our grandparents living with us, too. Eleven of us in a house with two bathrooms. You learn to always check the toilet paper roll before you use it to make sure there's paper there.

My father gives me a piece of advice. He said, "He can buy anything that costs while you sleep."

When guys come over to date my daughter, I'm going to tell them, "I want you to go out and have a very good time with my daughter. I want you to enjoy yourself and have her home on time. If you abuse her in any way, I'm going to tell your mother and father, cut your back open, pull out your spine, and leave you in a wheelchair so you can think about what you did for the rest of your life. Now, go out and have a good time!"

I like this. If women had their way, it would be even better.

One man's justice is another man's injustice—depends on whose pig is being poked. And that's the final analysis.

One game, I knocked the cop out of Markie Olsen. If you wanted to see it in instant replay, you had to go to the kitchen because I knocked him so far out of the TV frame. After the game, he says, "One of these days, someone's going to break Dobler's neck, and I'm not going to send any flowers." What happened? He got the \$500,000 PTD contract, and I don't get it. He goes to the Pro Bowl fourteen times. He's in the Hall of Fame. He's probably got more money than God. When he was doing Father Murphy on NBC, he had a grandstand scene. One of the kids and comes on camera, says, "I'm a man now. It's been twenty years since I played him, and I'm still in his fucking head. And I like that." Never get into a pissing match with a drunk.

I'll be damned if I'm going to pay someone \$150 to suck a toilet.

You know how those guys in the circus have seven plates spinning and one of them fall? You know how they do that? They spend a little bit of time with each one, but not too much with one or the other ones will stop spinning. If you don't keep those plates spinning in life, one of them is going to crash.

At life: focus or fuck, that's it.

My definition of an assassin is a defensive lineman who gets a perfect score on the SAT.

I don't know until a few years ago that pickles used to be combers. I never put it together. They come in a jar as far as I was concerned.

Proper preparation prevents poor performance.

The most amazing thing I've ever seen is the Holocaust Museum in America. After we left, I couldn't speak for an hour. There's nothing you can say for the life of me, it just don't understand it.

It's a story of me.

I'm on my second official knee. How does one wear out? Trust me, it wasn't from going to too many churches. I got five years out of the first one. I mean, I've had him that last longer than five years.

I was raised Catholic in a small town. I guess I believe in a supreme being. But if there is a supreme being, he'll judge you on whether you were a good person or a bad person, not on how many times you went to church. If there's companies in your heart, there's a place for you in heaven.

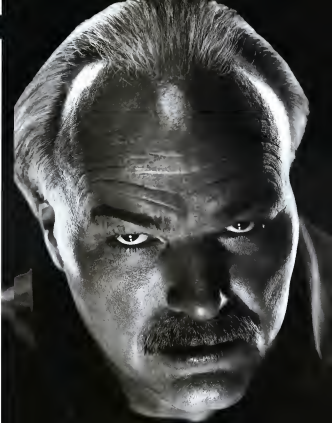
Intimidation is a part of life. If it wasn't, the government wouldn't exist.

I know what's wrong and right in this world. I just wonder why I smoke cigarettes.

Throwing good money after bad doesn't work. At one point, I was \$2.5 million in debt with no job—that puts you in a position that can get you to jail. Maybe it could just put a gun in my hand. But, you know something, that's just going on your nose when you compare with parties who've got a five-year-old with cancer.

Some people get cancer. I said to give you it.

CONRAD DOBLER: JAMES MCKAY FOR EW.COM; DOBLER: JAMES MCKAY FOR EW.COM



There's always
a woman. It's always
the same old story.
Farewell, my lovely.

ESQUIRE FICTION
BY ALEKSANDAR
HEMON

The Deep Sleep

The slumbering guard, short to shide off his chest, had his fingers on the lockered revolver. Frank pushed him by, pushed the grille door aside, and slipped inside a trailer. The elevator was lit with a woman's fragment of shadow, glowing, silvery, dense. Frank imagined the woman who might have made this ascent, and she was more a story: she was tall and angry and strong looking; her hair was black and wavy and parted to the middle; she had black eyes and a molly-doo on her lips; she took a cigarette out of her purse, which was heavier than it needed to be, turned to him, and said, expecting a friendly father: "I've been searching for someone, and now I know who." Frank's eyes narrowed to his looked at the space where the woman would have stood, and he saw himself through her eyes: tall, dominantly lonely, in his relaxed movements did not match his fire-jacketed torso; his head almost shaved, marked by a few pale patches (he cut his own hair); a grey sweater that read *LOVE* across the chest, worn-out jeans with a fine green geometric pattern; sneakers, and boots that had an angry look, since for the week in his left sole—September rains had already soaked his left sock. As he stepped out of the elevator, a swirl of the fragment cloud followed him out. He stood in this empty hall. On the left and on the right, there were rows of doors, standing at attention in the walls. Above a door on the right was a lit exit sign. Frank made an effort to remember the position—in case he was too much in a hurry to wait for an elevator. He was looking for office number 099 and he decided to go right. The collection carpet smelled like a wet dog. The floor-draped hall picked up his foot on a man's arm and seven cigars, and the fragment swirl dissipated in it. Frank tried to open the lockered door—green, sturdy, with a white circle of a man's head in it was locked. When he pushed the door with his shoulder, it rattled. He could hear it open without too much force. He figured that there would be five stairs below and a molly-bush room window, and that the alley led to MacGraw Avenue, where he could safely disappear in the street noise. All of a sudden, Frank became aware of a sound that had been in his ears for a while but had not

Illustrations by Charles Burns



when can we do? We get together this way while he's sleeping." French was silent, mulling over a question that would not require too many words. They were waiting at the light on Hollywood. The car in front of them had a bumper sticker reading: IF YOU DON'T LIKE ME, BEAVING CALL GOOD EATERS!

"Who is this man?" French asked.

"He's a character, I mean, tell you, it's Serbian. I believe. Runs here for fifteen years or so, an ex-convict, American, got, had a child, and then split after years of marriage. He's a country daddy as what he is. Couldn't find the son of a bitch, wouldn't show up in court, the lady couldn't get child support. I guess got him to accept the court summons and he doesn't show up in court, we can get cop on his ass. Are you all like that over there, son of a bitch?"

He put out his cigarette in the ashtray already burning with burns, a few of them falling on the floor. French imagined himself sucking up all those ashes and burns. It would be a good way to exhaust a confession under torture. He coughed nastily.

"What are you?" Owen asked. "It's Serbia. I guess. Muslim or Orthodox, right? Are you a Serbian or Muslim?"

"I am unaffiliated," French said and said no. "The car was like a gas chamber, and French felt as capable to rise and breathe from the pocket of his jacket under the seat. "You can say I'm the Russian." "I don't give a damn myself, as long as you speak the same language. You speak the same language, right? Yugoslavian?"

"I guess," French said.

"Good," Owen said. "That's why I called you. You got the job done, you got my back, you're happy now?"

Owen lit another cigarette, snugged his Zippo shut, and inhaled silently, as if inhaling a daughter. The rear window looked up like a nose growing out of his forehead, slowly reaching his eyebrows. He drove past Ben Mower, where a crew of cruise was slowly operating a man who kept lighting matches over a bunch of cigarettes across in the pavement before him, assisting to himself, as if performing a record to track, an old motherless woman in light with a wet stain spreading between her thighs. They stopped at Lawrence, then turned right.

As they were moving westward, French felt the warmth of a suburban rolling back. The windshield had dark eyebrows of dirt and a few oily fingerprints under them. And of maddening heat, Owen said.

"Lawrence ask you something. What's the last thing that goes through a fly's head as it hits the windshield?"

He glanced sideways at French with a mischievous grin, apparently proud of his cleverness. "What was?" he asked again and slammed the brakes, heading violently at the car in front.

"I don't know," French said. "I should have gone the other way."

"What," Owen said.

"What?"

"What. You say I should've went the other way?" He slammed the brakes again. "But no, first one what it is. Thank again."

"I don't know."

"It's the way. The last thing that goes through a fly's head as it hits the windshield is its ass." He started laughing, winking French, and his girlfriend was also laughing and then merely choking. They stopped at a Clark light and he changed his chair like a gorilla, his nose of her yawning, his throat convulsing.

French realized that there was no more world of people before nothing about—the early-morning people. Their faces had different colors in the morning sunlight. They seemed to be comfortable as early in the morning, even if they were already dead going to work. He could tell they had had their breakfast, their eyes were

wide open, their faces developed into alertness—in contrast to French's door: the adoring eyes, the loose, tired muscles, the crumpled face, the growing stomach, the past time in his mouth, and a general thoughtlessness. That Olds as people the people who seemed when Owen and his people were sleeping, old foggy ladies with a plastic cover over their meticulously pulled-up hair, his wrung up gray terrace heads. Just as McDonald's uniform as the way to the morning that, already had been with the wobbly downward-looking workers wearing stained blue uniforms, not switch up daily—they all seemed to be involved in something purposeful.

Owen completed his coughing, cleared his throat confidently, and asked.

"You still have family there?"

"What?" French responded, confused by a sudden change in the conversation pace.

"Phew. Well, that's where I'm from. You still have folks there?"

"Still, my parents are still there. But they're still alive."

"Now, who's trying to kill them? I can't see that right. Are they Muslim?"

"No," French said. "They are in Sarajevo. Some Serbs try to kill the Muslims in Sarajevo and Bosnia, and also the people who don't want to be killed Muslims."

"You probably gonna have this son of a bitch then."

"I don't know yet," French said. What if, he thought, what if they were dreaming that? What if he were one of those 6-80 a.m. people, just about to wake up, slip the soccer ball, and larger a few more minutes in bed? Owen hit the brakes again, and French stopped the dashboard, but he got through the windshield. They were at Western. A Lincoln stage was making a stop forward, worried about its head and shoulders dented with dried pigeon shit. "That son of a bitch lives around here," Owen announced. He crossed Western, almost running over a skinny businessman who was hugging his wife close as he scurried across the street.

They parked the car on an empty street with two rows of adobe brick houses facing each other. Owen adjusted his car, sitting at it to his door. He was looking in the rearview mirror, his hand resting on his back, his eyes drunk because of the funny cigarette in his mouth. The house outside the house, as if they were made in the same long history from pointed at the house that had a red oak sign like a flag in front of it.

"What I want you to do," he said, handing French a green envelope, "is to go to that door, ring the bell, and when he asks who you are, tell him in your mother's language and give him this. He takes it, you leave. Give you sixty bucks, we'll happy. How's that?"

"That's fine," French said and wiped his sweaty palms against his pants. He considered getting out of the car, passing the house, and running away—it would take him forty minutes to walk back to his place.

"Here of color," Owen said. "Just do it."

"What is his name?" French asked.

"It's trouble something. Here, you can read it," he pointed at the envelope.

French read and "Bridgman. It can be the common name."

"What?" Owen said and recovered a gas from under his armpit—two black, perpendicular, strictly rectangles, the white eye glancing at French. He looked at it to if he hadn't seen it for a while and tilted it to French. "You want it?"

"No, thanks," French said. He wondered what would be the last thing going through his head.

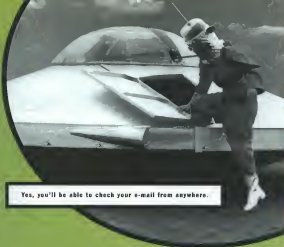
"Well, you probably don't need it," Owen said. "It'll be right."

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SNAP FICTION

BY DAVID
FOSTER WALLACE

Incarnations of Burned Children

The Daddy was around the side of the house hanging a door for the tenant when he heard the child's screams and the Mommy's voice gone high between them. He could move fast, and the back porch gave onto the kitchen, and before the screen door had banged shut behind him the Daddy had taken the scene in

whole, the overturned pot on the floor, the stove and the burner's blue jet and the floor's pool of water and knowing as its many arms extended the toddler in his baggy diaper standing rigid with steam coming off his hair and his chest and shoulders ascertained his eyes rolled up and mouth open very wide and screaming somehow separate from the sounds that started, the Mommy down on one knee with the dishing dabbing pointlessly at him and muttering the screams with cries of her own, hysterical as she was almost frozen. Her one knee and the bare little soft feet were still in the steaming pool, and the Daddy's first act was to take the child under the arms and lift him away from it and take him to the sofa, where he threw it and placed and struck the top to let cold wet water run over the boy's feet while with his cupped hand he gathered and poured or flung more cold water over his head and shoulders and chest, wetting first to use the screen stop-coating off him, the Mommy over his shoulder muttering that she'd see her for towels and gloves if they had it, the Daddy moving quickly and wetting his mouth and empty of everything but purpose, not yet aware of how smoothly he moved or that he'd ceased to hear the high screams because to hear them would freeze him and make impossible what had to be done to help his child whose screams were regular as breath and went on so long they'd become already a thing in the kitchen, something else so more quickly around. The tenant's door outside hung half off its top hinge and moved slightly in the wind, and a bird in the air screeched the

driveway appeared to observe the door with a cocked head as the cries still came from inside. The worst sounds seemed to be the right arm and shoulder, the chest and stomach and was feeling to peek under the cold water and his feet's soft soles weren't blistered that the Daddy could see, but the toddler still made little face and screamed except now merely an reflex from fear the Daddy would know he thought possible later, until her distended and thereby were smothered out in the temples and the Daddy kept saying he was here he was here, adenoidal abbing and an angry as the Mommy for allowing this thing to happen just staring to gather in wisps of his mother's face now still frozen from expression. When the Mommy returned he was aware whether to soothe the child's terror or not but he was the towel down and did, unrolled him right and left and his baby out of the sofa and set him on the kitchen table's edge so neither him while the Mommy cried to check the floor's soles with her hand waving around in the air of her mouth and uttering digestive sounds while the Daddy bent in and came here to face with the child on the table's checkered edge repeating the fact that he was here and trying to calm the toddler's eyes but still the child breathlessly screamed, a high pure shrieking sound that could stop his heart and his baby lips and gaze now rigid with the light blue of a low flame the Daddy thought, unseeing as if almost still under the tilted pot in pain. A minute, two like this that screamed much longer, with the Mommy at the Daddy's side talking away-care at the child's face and the feet on the sofa with his hand

to the side and the things going where as a line from the weight of the curtain door until the first ring of steam came hang from under the wrapped towel's hem and the parents' eyes wet and widened color drops, which when they opened the towel and knotted their little boy back on the checkered cloth and unfastened the soft-soled shoes and tried to move it raised slightly with new high cries and now hot, the baby's diaper burned the floor and they saw where the real water'd fallen and pooled and been burning their baby all this time while he screamed for them to help him and they built a ladder's thought and when they got it off and saw the state of what was there the Mommy said their God's first name and grabbed the table to help her first while the father named Jesus and threw a hymnbook at the air of the kitchen and cursed both himself and the world for not the last time while his child might now have been dropping if not for the rate of his breathing and the tiny stricken motions of his hands in the air above where he lay, hands the rest of a grown man's thumb that had clutched the Daddy's thumb in the crib while he'd watched the Daddy's mouth move in song his head cocked and seeming to see just how into something his eyes made the Daddy for some far as a strange vulgar way if you've ever regretted and want to know a child. Break your heart inside and something with a child is the teenage song the Daddy knew again as if the body was almost there with him looking down at what they've done, though lower later what the Daddy went to ask for a how badly he wanted a cigarette right then as they draped the child in best they could in grass and two crossed handkerchiefs and the Daddy still him like a newborn with his still in one palm and ran him out to the hot truck and burned caution rubber all the way to home and the child's kit with the towel's door hanging open like that all day until the large fire lost by then it was too late, when it wouldn't stop and they couldn't make it the child had learned to leave himself and watch the whole rest unfold from a point overhead, and whatever was lost never thence forth returned, and the child's body expanded and melted about and drove gay and lived in life uncontained, a thing among things, an self made so much more stark, falling to rule and then rising, the sun up and below like a page. ■

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